

# THE INTELLIGENCER'S PICTURE GALLERY OF SUPREME COURT CANDIDATES.



W. W. GRAVES of Bates Co.



ALONZO D. BURNES of Platte Co.



J. W. HALLIBURTON of Jasper Co.



LEROY B. VALLIANT, present incumbent



JAMES L. FORT of Stoddard County.



A. M. WOODSON of St. Joseph.



SAMUEL DAVIS of Saline Co.

WHILE all Missourians separate the judiciary from politics to that extent that different conventions are provided for the nomination of judges, supreme, court of appeals and circuit, the next race for supreme judge of the state promises to develop one of the liveliest contests ever known in Missouri.

The INTELLIGENCER to-day presents a "picture gallery" containing the familiar faces of fourteen of the aspirants to this honor.

There will be three vacancies to fill at the election in 1902—places now held by Judge Sherwood, who has been in office thirty years, Judge Burgess, who has served ten years and Judge Valliant, four years. The salary of a supreme judge is \$5,000 per year and thus it will be seen that Judge Sherwood has drawn from the people of the state for



HON. ALEXANDER, GRAVES of Lafayette Co.

services in this capacity \$150,000 while Judge Burgess has been paid but one third of that amount, or \$50,000. Both are candidates for re-election.

The familiar face in the center of the INTELLIGENCER'S group of candidates in today's issue is that of the Hon. Alexander Graves of Lexington, who will be earnestly supported by Lafayette county for a place on the bench. Judge Graves stands at the top of the bar as a lawyer, is a man of splendid legal training and of a natural judicial turn of mind. He is well known to Missourians as he has represented one of the districts of the state in congress and that with distinction. The private life of Judge Graves is spotless and no man in the state has with in his makeup more of the elements of firm character and gentlemanly instinct.



EDWIN SILVER of Cole Co.



R. F. WALKER of St. Louis.



NOAH M. GIVAN of Cass Co.



T. A. SHERWOOD, present incumbent



GAVON D. BURGESS present incumbent



E. M. HUGHES of Montgomery Co.



B. T. THURMAN of Barton Co.

## LIFE'S UPS AND DOWNS.

### The Kindness of Heart of Ex-Governor Stewart.

Current newspaper story gives publication to the following interesting incident of past history:

A few years ago while Robert Stewart was governor of Missouri, a steam-boat man was brought in from the penitentiary as an applicant for a pardon. He was a large, powerful fellow and when the governor looked at him he seemed strangely affected. Finally he signed the document that restored the prisoner to liberty. Before he handed it to him he said, "You will commit some other crime and be in the penitentiary again, I fear."

The man solemnly promised that he would not. The governor looked doubtful, mused a few minutes and said:

"You will go back to the river and be a mate I suppose?"

The man replied that he would.

Well I want you to promise me one thing. I want you to pledge your word that when you are mate again you will never take a bill of wood in your hand and drive a sick boy out of a bunk to help you load your boat of a stormy night."

The steamboat man said that he would not inquire what the governor meant by asking him such a question.

The governor replied: "Because some day that boy may become a governor and you may want him to pardon you for a crime. One dark stormy night many years ago, you stopped your boat on the Mississippi river to take on a load of wood. There was a boy on board who was working his passage from New Orleans to St. Louis, but he was very sick of fever and was lying in a bunk. You had plenty of men to do the work, but you went to the boy with a stick of wood in your hand and drove him with blows and curses out into the wretched night, and kept him toiling until the load was complete. I was that boy. Here is that pardon. Never again be guilty of such brutality."

The man, cowering and hiding his face, went out without a word.

What a noble revenge that was, and what a lesson to a bully.

Are you superstitious? All during last May, at stated intervals shadow-graphs or mysterious outline pictures appeared on the columns of the White House portico at Washington and no amount of investigation could determine from whence they came. In turn appeared profiles of Mr. Hanna, John Sherman, Mother McKinley at a spinning wheel and the face of the president himself. Attachments grew superstitious and the matter is being again reverted to as peculiar.

## A SPLENDID SUCCESS.

### Mexican Veterans Reunion—Those in Attendance.

Many veterans of the Mexican war met at Independence, Mo., last week and were royally entertained by the people of that town. Appended will be found a list of those in attendance, their respective ages and places of residence:

Thos. D. Hoy, 78, Sedalia.  
W. Boone Major, 75, Odessa.  
James Martin, 75, Marshall.  
R. J. Williams, Swanwick.  
W. C. Snowden, Omaha.  
R. C. Evans, 73, Kansas City.  
L. G. Jebbins, 79 Madison.  
Jas. D. Chinn, 76, Lexington.  
Thos. J. R. Grant, Salina, Kan.  
J. S. Story, 75, Liberty.  
J. W. Shouse, 76 Kearney.  
W. H. Pence, 76, Kearney.  
G. A. Marshall, 72, Missouri City.  
R. M. Scott, 75, Keytesville.  
Jos. Bunberry, 76, Marshall.  
V. S. P. Collier, 73, Marshall.  
J. A. Smith, 75, and wife, Lawson.  
J. M. Liddil, 75, Nevada.  
H. H. Richardson, 77, Salisbury.  
Wm. Embree, Carro.  
R. T. Stephenson, 76, Liberty.  
Stephen Galloway, 77, New Franklin.  
J. S. Miller, 75, Napoleon.  
Ellis Ellis, 78, Independence.  
A. Everett, Pleasant Hill.

J. R. McCormick, 78, Sheffield.  
Royal Dunham, 86, Blue Springs.  
L. W. Clark, 74, Kansas City.  
John Hitchins, 74 Kansas City.  
A. K. McClintock, 80, Kansas City.  
Daniel Parrott, 77, Kansas City.  
David Powell, 96, Maryville.  
Thos. M. Jacobs, 81, Kistville.  
W. P. Robinson, 75, Bethany.  
Wiley Akin, 87, Independence.  
Marvin Scudder, 79, Kansas City.  
R. B. Walburn, 75, Crutcher, Mo.  
J. B. Winger, 77, Coboll, Mo.  
J. T. Wilson, 73, Endora, Kan.  
M. D. Gow, 69, Holt, Mo.  
W. F. Cloud, 76, Kansas City.  
Morgan DeLacy, 76, Holt.  
Thos. H. Calvert, 73, Belton.  
Paul R. Baker, 78, Westport.  
Josiah Curtis, 71, Independence.  
W. B. Hale, 79, Lexington.  
B. F. Sperry, 77, Bethany.  
John Wall, 82, Molton, Mo.  
Thomas Howser, 80, Tusculumbia.  
John H. Slaughter, 71, Slater.  
Jas. Peacock, Independence.  
Isaac George, 79, La Trobe, Penn.  
M. P. Leitz, 85, Fulton.  
Jas. Rowlin, 80, Hiler.  
David Beasall, 69, Independence.  
M. M. Bowsy, 76, Myers.  
David Lanter, 76, Farley.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets.  
All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

## AS TO PINKY BLITZ.

### A Word Picture of the Noted Kansas City Crook.

William Marion Reedy, the versatile editor of the St. Louis Mirror, comments as follows on one of Kansas City's noted characters:

"Kansas City boasts a citizen with the euphonious nomenclature 'Pinky Blitz.' Mr. Pinky Blitz seems to have a faculty of spectacular hoodlumism supported by some sort of pull that renders him immune to police prosecution, but he is a god-send to the editorial writers of that excellent paper, the Kansas City Star. Those able inklingers are hypnotized by the harmonics of the name. They adapt all their editorial rhymes to the measure of those tinkling and sizzling and propulsive syllables. 'Pinky Blitz! Don't you find in it a most beautiful blend of suggestion, something of peaches and cream and Dresden china, lightning, escaping steam, blizzards, exasperated felines. 'Pinky Blitz! The shortness of the i and the swiftness of the tz are indicative of the gentleman's nullibiety when sought by the police. The words twinkle and sputter briefly and are gone. Pink! There you think of a flower. Blitz! It is gone! O pathos of the rose! O rose of yesterday! 'Pinky Blitz! It has, despite its evanescence, a great sprightliness. It is a combination fitted to the Kansas Cityans' lungs. It is about all he can say after he has

climbed one of the hills. It descends almost perfectly the flashingly fast descent of Kawville's avenues on slippery weather. It has a dynamic quality characteristic of the town, but it lacks the conservative, slow dignity of the name of St. Louis' typical citizen, Abe Slapsky. Kansas City is proud of Pinky Blitz. It rolls the name as a sweet morsel under its tongue. It hears the words in the morning, in the clink of the ice in the pitcher as the boy comes up the hall. When the small boy throws a stone on the first ice of winter over the quarry pond, the missile skipping to the farther shore strikes out the words, 'Pinky Blitz.' A recent Kansas City rhapsody describes the sun as setting in a bank of pale, pellucid, 'Pinky Blitzy' clouds. Kansas City girls are wearing 'Pinky Blitz' ribbons at their throats, claiming that it is the delicate red correspondence of the electric yellow and baby blue. And yet a very great poet has told us there's nothing in a name. He had never heard of 'Pinky Blitz.' If he had he certainly would have found a place for it in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' or mayhap he would have fitted its ethereal cadences somehow into the ideal of that uncharted region of enchantment, 'the sea coast of Bohemia.' 'Pinky Blitz! A name indeed to set soft, tintinabulating echoes flying among the hills of Kansas City and perfectly attuned to the ripple of the storied Kaw.'"